

Rome Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class mail matter, Jan. 9, 1897

Vol. X

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 10

A Call from Wall Street



HAT America needs more than railway extension, and western irrigation and a low tariff and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half hour early Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusinesslike behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the filth of graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions. What is this thing we are worshipping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshipped just before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you will find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial nor honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or a nation to handle as quick, easy big money. If you do resist its deadly influence the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than to charge an earthworks in Manchuria.

—Editorial from the Wall Street Journal.

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, Assistant Editor. Rev. Howard B. Gross has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt has charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

NOTE THE REMARKABLY LOW TERMS: Subscription price per year, twenty-five cents. Five copies and upwards to one address yearly, twenty cents each.

Pastors, Sunday School Superintendents and all friends of Home Missions are invited to promote the circulation of the paper.

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All money and letters pertaining to subscriptions should be sent to Gertrude J. Davis, Business Manager of HOME MISSION ECHOES, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

O Saviour of the world, lift my thought into the breath of Thy purpose. Save me from all narrowness of outlook. Let my mind be full of hospitality. Help me to remember and to pity the needs of others in less favored lands. Let all the nations praise Thee.

—Dr. Jewett.

THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN BAPTIST HOME MISSION SOCIETY

510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

Telephone: 487-5 Main

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Needs.

The request for supplies at Jackson College, Jackson, Miss., has been fully met. Nothing more will be needed at present.

Rev. C. S. Brown of Winton, N. C., sends the cheering news that a new dormitory for boys will soon take the place of the building which was burned in the spring. Twenty rooms will need to be furnished, and much bedding supplied. The freight address is Rev. C. S. Brown, Waters Normal Institute, Winton, North Carolina, Hertford Co. via Norfolk, Va.

A new building is in process of erection at Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., which will supply needed dormitory room for the school. A large supply of bedding will be needed for this new building. Rev. L. B. Tefft, Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va., is the address for freight.

Will Missionaries among the Indians who desire boxes for Christmas festivities send as soon as possible to the Corresponding Secretary telling what they need and what time the boxes are wanted. It takes time for our circles to prepare articles, and it also takes time for them to reach their destination.

Bedding and clothing is needed at Florida Baptist Academy, Jacksonville, Florida. All supplies should be sent to Miss Sarah A. Blocker, to the above address.

Spelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga., (Miss H. E. Giles, President,) is in need of bedding for the school and hospital. We must not forget that this school is in constant need of supplies because of the large number of pupils.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—Tennyson.

Vol. X.

OCTOBER, 1907

No. 10

Editorial



THE first meeting of the Woman's Interdenominational Home Mission Conference was held at Silver Bay, Lake George, N. Y., from July 12-18 in connection with the Sunday School Missionary Convention. Lake George is itself a place of great interest. Its natural beauty, and its historic associations make it an ideal place for a Home Mission Conference. It did not require a great stretch of the imagination to hear the war whoop of the Indian as the canoes dotted the lake, nor see the Frenchman with his gun stealing through the woods, vainly trying to hold the beautiful region for France.

A ride of three hours upon the steamboat, as it glided among the 366 islands of the lake brought the delegates to the hotel at Silver Bay, upon Friday noon, July 12th. Each day during the delightful week—at 8.45 A.M. was held a lecture on "Missions in the Sunday School," and at 9.45 Sunday School Mission Study Classes were held under the auspices of the Conference on the Sunday School and Missions.

The evening platform meetings were union meetings of the two organizations. Two periods were set apart each morning for the special work of the Woman's Interdenominational Home Mission Conference. An hour upon the general topic of organization was held each morning, led by one of the officers of the various Woman's Home Mission Societies. Topics like the following were discussed:—"Women's Societies, Why, How, and to What Purpose." "Women's Societies, How Maintained." "Young People's Societies, Training for Leadership." "Children's Societies, Just How." These were periods of great interest and profit.

The hour upon Sunday morning was led by Mrs. B. W. Firman of Chicago, President of the National Federation of Congregational Churches, the subject being "An Hour with Missionaries." Representatives of Home Mission Boards told of their respective fields of labor in Porto Rico, New Mexico and Alaska. The hour was too short for the story of sin and need upon these destitute fields.

Sunday evening upon the steamboat dock a unique service of prayer and praise was held, which will not soon be forgotten. As the sweet notes of the gospel songs floated across the waters of the lake, boats from other settlements drifted toward us, and heard the tender invitation of the leader as she urged the acceptance of the gospel message.

Mrs. G. W. Coleman, President of the Woman's American

Baptist Home Mission Society, presided at all the meetings of the Woman's Conference.

From 11.30 to 12.20 each day (except the Sabbath) Home Mission Study Classes were convened. "Aliens or Americans?" conducted by Rev. C. D. Case, Pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. "Citizens of Tomorrow," by Miss Alice M. Guernsey, Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "Coming Americans" by Miss Katherine R. Crowell of the Woman's Board of Presbyterian Home Missions. These classes were well attended, and much enthusiasm was aroused by this study of the great problems of our country. Rev. Charles E. Thompson, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions gave a Home Mission address. Rev. C. D. Case told of the "Evils of the City," and Miss Lydia A. Hayes, a missionary from Alaska, spoke of the work accomplished in that country.

Daily meetings of the Central Committee of the Woman's Interdenominational Conference were held. The perplexities and difficulties of the nine Boards in attendance were compared. Because of the many suggestions the work will be lightened for the coming year.

The first meeting of this Conference was a success. We hope that many women will plan to attend in the year 1908.

The Corresponding Secretary sends a word of greeting to all the workers throughout New England, at the opening of the autumn campaign. A hard year of strenuous effort lies before us if we would meet the obligations assumed at the Annual Meeting. "A Strong Pull and a Pull Altogether," from churches and individuals is necessary if we would reach the goal. Seven months remain of the fiscal year. We hope each church will strive to reach the amount requested by the State Vice President of the respective states. A little self sacrifice will enable each one to increase her gifts of last year. We must save North America for her own sake and that of the world. Our teachers and missionaries are making heavy sacrifices. When we consider that successful, cultured teachers are working eight months of the year for \$500.00 paying traveling expenses to and from their fields of labor, we realize that some are vitally interested in the problem of saving North America.

We ask our circles to note carefully the needs of the schools as noted on the second and last page of this issue of Echoes. While we mention these schools and their needs, we would advise our circles not to take money from their membership fees to buy material for barrels. We need the money raised by circles, to pay the salaries of our teachers. Let the money for material for barrels be secured from extra gifts.

Before sending the barrel it is best to write the Corresponding Secretary and secure the name of the school so there may be some system in sending supplies.

STATEMENT

THE spirit and purpose of our constituency as manifested in word and deed at the 29th Annual Meeting in Cambridge, May 1st and 2nd, 1907, were a source of great encouragement to the Officers and Finance Committee of the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.

We went to that meeting oppressed by the conviction that we must retrench. After long and prayerful consideration of the expenditure of the past year, of the demands for the present year, and that we are already borrowing money for current expenses your Finance Committee inspired by the spirit of that meeting have resolved to retrench only a small amount. Still further we have been emboldened to plan for such an increase in our receipts for the current year as shall enable us not only to come to the next Annual Meeting without a deficit, but with a working balance which will allow us to begin the New Year without the necessity of borrowing money for immediate expenses. This means that we need from the women of our churches \$44,000 for the present year. Upon you we lay the responsibility of raising this amount.

\$44,000.

For the Finance Committee,
MRS. C. F. BYAM,
MRS. M. T. BLANCHARD.

HOW THE RESPONSIBILITY HAS BEEN MET.

During May, June, July and August 1907, the receipts were \$1814.58 less than in the corresponding months 1906.

GERTRUDE L. DAVIS,
Treasurer.

AMERICA for Christ, means the world for Christ. Every dollar put into Home Missions is so much at interest for the benefit of all our benevolences. Put more money into home Missions and we permanently increase the available resources for Foreign Missions. The man who draws from his bank account more than he deposits will soon be confronted with an over-draft.

Have I no obligation toward that army of immigrants arriving upon our shores from every land, yearly?

Will they not become a menace to my children and to our country's best institutions, if left unconverted?—*The American Home Missionary*.

Take Notice



FIFTEEN fourteen years ago the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society established the Kadiak Orphanage on Wood Island, Alaska, it was hoped that its entire support would in time come from our New England Sunday

Schools. During all these years we have earnestly and persistently sought to accomplish this. Many schools have so understood and have given regular support to the Mission. The number of contributing schools has increased from less than one hundred in 1893 to four hundred and twenty-five in 1907. But the amount received from our Sunday Schools has not yet been sufficient for the support of the Mission. It has from time to time been clearly stated that all contributions for Alaska must be designated Alaska, otherwise the gift would go to the General Work. Very many of our schools and superintendents have understood this. But of late we have had reason to fear that it is not clear to all schools. Some not having specified for Alaska have failed to find the name of their school on the contributing list, and have been greatly disappointed. We need the help of every school. We do not want to lose one by any misunderstanding. Therefore at the Workers' Meeting in connection with the Annual Meeting of 1907 the following vote was passed: "That this body recommend to the Board of Directors that all money given by Sunday Schools be appropriated for Alaska unless otherwise designated. This recommendation from the Workers' Meeting was later approved by the Board and was to go into effect Nov. 1, 1907.

Please remember this. After Nov. 1, 1907 all gifts from Sunday Schools will be given to Alaska, unless otherwise designated.

New Publications



EVERY one who is a whit interested in our national history and progress, in social economy, or in missions, owes it to herself to become familiarized with the fine array of new leaflets and books presented this fall. Seldom has it been our privilege to offer so varied and so complete a list from the pen of missionary experts. The new study book, *Negro Neighbors, Bond and Free*, which is reviewed elsewhere, should find a place in the STUDY library of every Baptist, the modest price of thirty-BOOKS. five cents postpaid, placing it within the reach of all. *Incoming Millions*, at the same price, affords a valuable addition to our fund of knowledge concerning alien peoples who are to be the coming Americans, and whose attitude toward our institutions and toward Christianity makes the future weal or woe of the nation.

Bits of delightful reading, *Cuba*, and *Mexico*, five cents each, come from the versatile pen of Miss Elma G. Gowen, long a missionary in those countries, and give in concise form a resume of the fascinating history and customs of those peoples.

A telling sequel to the latter is a charming LEAFLETS. story, *Song Seeds of the Alamo Land*, also five cents, written in the musical flowing style of Mrs. Elisabeth K. Riebel, and illustrating a common phase of Christian experience.

Home Mission Echoes


The *New Indian* depicts plainly the new guise in which the red man must now be regarded and gives a genuine shock to one's long held notions of savagery, ignorance and indolence. Get it and read it! A common two cent stamp will procure it for you. Linked with this is the thrilling tale of *Sagoyewew*, the Indian girl, who, as self-imposed guide to Lewis and Clark, a century ago, pierced the unexplored wilderness which now forms our rich and teeming West. Were it bound in morocco it would be coveted as a gift, and surely eight cents should not deprive one of the pleasure of its perusal. Ten cents will procure a tiny library of information concerning the Lettish, Syrian and Italian work as well as the leaflets, "A Bible and a Little French Canadian Boy," and "A Corner in Grace."

A *Tribute to Berkshire*, a poem written by Miss Ada Catlette Baytop, a student at Hartshorn Memorial College is an illustration of what education can do for the negro and will form a pleasing addition to a missionary program. Price one cent each.

Whether you are arranging your missionary work for the fall, or your course of reading, it will pay you to send for these or for numerous other publications to

MRS. JAMES McWHINNIE, *Supt. of Literature*,
510 Tremont Temple, Boston.

The New Study Book

 O the casual reader and thinker the term slavery applies specifically to the bondage in which the negroes were held in the southern states until freed by the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. To such, and, indeed, to the student of history, the new Home Mission Study Book, "Negro Neighbors, Bond and Free," will be a revelation, tracing as it does the history of slavery from early times, among Orientals, Greeks and Romans, to that slave trade which gave to the African race their inheritance in America, a gift which is "very mischievous to as remote a period in the history of the world as we can at all presume to foresee." The familiar subject of the release of our nation from the stain of human bondage is told in a new and valuable manner, going to the pith of the matter in a concise and scholarly way; the lives of its many notable characters and the worthy achievements of the negro race are recounted, while the Christian efforts for their uplift and salvation form a chapter of which our country may well be proud.

Miss Phila Whipple, the author, is a teacher of wide experience, a rare linguist, a student of history and a writer of such charm that it seems almost unjust to place the ban of "study book" upon this production, since many who lay no claim to being students, yet who desire to be well informed, would find in its perusal both pleasure and delight. It is admirably adapted to the varied tastes of the members of Churches, and it is hoped that it will be widely adopted. Price, cloth 50 cents; paper, 35 cents.

Lodge Grass, Mont.



YOU will be glad to know that seven more Crows have been baptised. They are our interpreter, George Hill, whose Indian name is "Short Boy," his wife, "Plenty Buffalo Robes," and daughter, "Brings Good Things;" Mr. Deputee and wife, "Woman No Name," Mrs. "Left Hand," and Mrs. "Shows The Fish."

Mrs. "Shows The Fish" is an old squaw and the first of the old time Indians who has come into the Jesus' Road. Before being received for baptism, they all promised to cut off the dance and old time Indian medicine. Just what this means to them it is difficult for white people, who are not conversant with Indian life, to comprehend. As one of our Jesus' men has said, it means "Good-bye to the old life," and coming out from among the Crows and being a separate people.

After the baptism and Lord's supper a praise service was held, every one taking part. Every heart was filled with joy because our little church had grown from eight members to fifteen. Short Boy said he was strengthened not only by his baptism, but because of the happiness he could see in the faces of the others. Their devotion to the Master is beginning to bear fruit among the other Indians. One of our Jesus' Crows was approached by a man who called him crazy for leaving the Indian life with all its good times, to walk in the Jesus' Road, which he had never tried and knew nothing about. The Jesus' man assured him he knew at least one thing about God's Road and that was that it lead away from bad things and turned our faces toward Home. The next day the pagan Indian came again and told the Christian he was sorry for the bad things he said, that it was good for him to walk in the Jesus' Road, and perhaps some time he would come too. An Indian from another district who has been visiting friends at Lodge Grass, told one of our members that he had heard about his walking in the Jesus' Road, and wanted to tell him he was glad, because it was the best thing any man could do. So we can see the heaven is working.

"News" comes from one of our non-reservation schools that seven Crow girls have been converted. Of these, four are Lodge Grass girls, and the parents of two, members of our little church. One of the girls wrote home that when she wanted to be baptised, her superintendent suggested that she wait until she heard from her parents, because they might object. But she told him her parents would be glad, because they were Christians, and belonged to the Baptist church too.

The Crows are to have a big dance, so we are planning a mountain trip for our older school girls and members of our church. Morality is always at a low ebb among the unconverted Crows, and during their dances especially so. The Indians from the entire district will congregate in one common camp, which gives license for sins of all kinds. So we make it a rule that the older school girls remain either at the Mission House, or go upon a camping trip with the missionaries. This year we will go to the Big Horn Mountains, where we plan among other things to have a camp meeting.

—ANNA F. PETESOLD.

Elk Creek Mission, Hobart, Okla.

THE work on Elk Creek is much the same. Some of the Kiowas are always faithful and at their post, others caring only for the things of this world. Brother Lone Wolf and wife and Doyito and wife have just returned from a ten days' visit to the Osages. Brother Lone Wolf says he preached to them the best he could in English. He says while he tried to tell them of Jesus, others were dancing so close to them and the tom tom made so much noise they could scarcely hear what was said. But he was very happy because he had done what he could. Last week Mr. Hicks baptized four, three were from the school at Rainy Mountains. There are two others awaiting baptism, and I hope others will soon come. Little Daisy Lone Wolf, granddaughter of Deacon Lone Wolf, was one of the three. She asked her papa if she could join the church. He told her if she had given her heart to Jesus it was a good thing. That he was not a Christian himself but he would not stand in her way. Mr. Hicks hopes to build the Apache chapel this summer.

Yesterday evening forty wagons and buggy loads of Cheyennes came down to visit the Kiowas and dance for ponies. This is a very old custom, and our people will be much stronger financially when these visits are stopped. They leave our people destitute of quilts, dishes, rugs, cattle, ponies, shawls, wearing apparel. They give the best they have and seem to enjoy it.

The Annual Indian Association meets the 18th with the First Comanche Church. We are hoping many souls will decide for Christ at that meeting.—Mna. G. W. Hicks.

Indian and Fur Traders.

ANY curious instances of the manner in which the honesty of the Indians manifests itself are cited in the North country. One of the tales which is most often told is of a native who, desiring food and tobacco and blankets, broke into the "store" of a remote trading-post which had been locked and abandoned for a few weeks while the white man in charge transacted business elsewhere. The Indian supplied his needs, but he left pelts in payment for what he took and months later, he came back to ascertain if he had left enough.

One Indian found a post closed when he went to dispose of his skins. Being unwilling to wait he forcibly entered and left his pack, but nothing with it to indicate his identity. Then he retired, fastening the door as best he could, and not until a year later did he return. When he walked into the post and told his story, the price of the skins was handed over to him without question. The accounts of the white man had been carefully kept, and he was certain that no claim but a just one would be made.

An unusual degree of confidence is reposed in the half-breeds who are lieutenants of the white traders. In Edmonton I saw a trader give one of his half-breed employees \$1,250 to be taken to a distant post and there distributed as wages to others. The two shook hands and parted, not to meet for a year, and the white man said he was sure not a cent of the money would fail to reach its rightful destination. In the town of Edmonton itself honesty seems to vie with hospitality for the credit of being the most prominent trait of the citizens.

Scores of thousands of dollars' worth of furs are stored there in warehouses which are seldom or never locked or guarded. Only the most valuable pelts are put under lock and key, and then the purpose is more to protect them from accidental damage than from possible theft.—C. ARTHUR WILLIAMS in the World Today.

Mined by Russians.

WHILE the world is still wondering, after forty centuries, how such vast riches as the gold and diamond mines of Solomon and Hiram, King of Tyre, could become lost to the world, it forgets that in the great gold fields of Alaska there is a similar instance, confined entirely within the bounds of the nineteenth century.

There is ample evidence that the Klondike gold fields were discovered by Russians in the early thirties, last century, and worked by political slaves to a considerable extent, before being abandoned and forgotten. And it is now being recalled apropos of the new branch of the Alaska Central railway up the Yentna—recently described by Dr. F. A. Cook, the first mountaineer to ascend Mount McKinley, who took that route to the mountain—that in 1832 the Russians explored that district thoroughly, and mined thousands of dollars worth of gold on the Anauk river in the Seward Peninsula. In fact the instruments which they used and the chains with which the convicts were hobbled while they worked will be a portion of the Russian occupation exhibit of Alaska at the great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909. Besides the industrial, agricultural and mineral exhibits at the exposition, much space will be devoted to displays dealing with the early history of Alaska and Yukon.

The discovery in the Klondike was made in a dramatic way. A short distance above discovery claim on Hunter Creek—chief tributary of the Klondike—a number of miners were working a lay. That is the ground belonged to someone else and they worked it agreeing to pay all expenses and to turn over a certain percentage of the gross output of the mine, usually fifteen per cent. to the owner of the ground.

When the ground was opened a couple of feet, the miners came across traces of an old tunnel. At first they paid little attention, as in the early days of the country in 1897 to 1899, all kinds of tunnels were dug and then abandoned by a certain class of inexperienced new comers who expected to find gold in millions for a few days' labor. But as the miners went deeper, they saw that this tunnel could not be the work of miners digging at so recent a period. The timbers that shored the walls were old and rotted, the tunnel looked as though it had not been worked for a century.

At the end there were evidences of a tragedy. The bones of a couple of men were found past a cave-in which had evidently imprisoned them beyond all rescue, and on their legs there still clung the heavy manacles with which Russia in the old days hobbled her political prisoners. The men had died miserably because of the cave-in, and for some reason, never to be known, were not rescued. The irons on their legs had apparently hindered their movements, for the situation would not have been desperate to a modern miner, possessing full freedom of movement. Beside them, were their century-old

picks, heavy, blunted and inefficient instruments. The remains were respectfully buried and the instruments and leg irons were saved, and will be a portion of the Russian exhibit in the Alaska building of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.

In 1832 a Russian dog mail on its way from the interior to Sitka discovered traces of gold on the Anauk. An old trading post on the Koakokwim, the ruins of which are still to be seen, was the headquarters of Russian trade in that district. The Anauk river was known then as the Yellow river, and so appears to-day on the Russian maps. For years this discovery was worked, but the Russians, never good prospectors at best, abandoned gold mining as soon as the deposits in the immediate vicinity of the original discovery were worked out. Why the rich Hunker was abandoned will forever remain a mystery. It has been claimed that all along the Russian government has records of the vast gold deposits in the neighborhood of the Klondike, and had that portion of the country been Russian and not British, the United States would never have had the opportunity to purchase Alaska. But that must remain a speculation, as Russian bureaucracy never gives up its secrets. One thing alone is certain, that the gold deposits of both Yukon and Alaska were worked half a century before Skookum-Jim made his famous discovery on the afternoon of August 16, 1896, and opened up a new frontier kingdom for the troopers of the Lost Legion to conquer.

Alaska-Yukon Magazine.

PONCE, P. R., July 8, 1907

THERE has been time for little writing except of business letters, and yet I have wished you to know of us and of mission work in Ponce during the past three months.

Miss Shorey has written once or twice of her progress, and of her interest in the work. She studies diligently and is most anxious to be ready for some individual part in what is going on. During my short and enforced absence in the United States, in the spring, the season changed here from dry to rainy—in the almanac. But our season has proved as rebellious as yours in the north, and while winter was lingering in your lap of spring, the hot, dry winds have kept on, here and on this southern coast almost no rain has fallen. This unseasonable dryness, with the strong trade winds, keeps one's nerves strung up to the snapping point, and is causing besides, much illness and many deaths.

A week ago a young girl of fifteen died in LaPlaya of a terrible fever, after four days' illness. She had been a scholar in our Sunday-school for about six years, and only six days before her death she attended and took part in the woman's meeting. I feel sure that she was one of the Lord's little ones, and the native pastor, speaking of her on the next service night, said that we might say of her, as Christ said of Jairus' little daughter: *No es muerta, mas duerme*. She is not dead, but sleepeth. The thought of the Christian death having a blessed awakening has brought a great light to those here who believe. Death is a simple and unmitigated horror to the Romanists here, and as the converted to Jesus turn from this darkness to face the light of Christ's resurrection and its promise for us who believe, we can understand with what joy the apostles preached the resurrection of the Master in the midst of the hardly greater darkness of paganism. Little "Tuta" who died on June 30th was really named Antonia

Garcia, and she was the only daughter of her mother. The mother is a member of our church at La Playa, but the three grown brothers are careless young men, living in worldly ways. They were devoted to their sister and arranged a "beautiful" burial for her. Better than the music of the long procession, and the metal flowers, and the veil and orange blossoms on the little dusky form, was to me, the sweet singing of the hymns she had loved by her little companions and classmates, about the threshold of the small house where the white coffin rested on two chairs. And even more beautiful was the mother's calmness, and the little girl's silent weeping, and the reverence of the other church members, in comparison with the hysterical attacks of screaming and convulsions on the part of the neighbors, during the pastor's short funeral service.

It was a strange and painful medley of the old and the new, and made me think of the Lord's putting out of those who made the unseemly show of grief in Jairus' house. As we all come quietly out of the woman's meeting the day after Tuta's burial, her especial little friend looked at one honor-roll of Sunday school attendance and said softly: "Tuta will not have her star this month." (She died on the last Sunday of the month, having been present all the other Sundays.) So, I wrote across the empty blocks left for her stars (till the end of the year, that she had gone to a better place than this world, to be with the Lord).

All this has greatly impressed the girls of the Saturday class and of the Sunday school, with its suddenness and pain. May their young hearts be touched! * * *

Classes go on regularly in both towns, and visiting in the homes. There is nothing new to tell about the work, except that it grows always, especially in the country places, and that is no news! Next week we shall close the Ponce cottage and each of us will go to one of the mountain missions, for a few weeks. Miss Shorey to Adjuntas, and I to Barros. I have been asked to go to Barros to help with the work among the women and young people, and though it is hard to leave Ponce now, it seems right to go.

I am sending you a little picture I took of a group of the



SCHOOL CHILDREN AT LA PLAYA

Plays children when Tuta was not more than eleven years old. She stands under our church palm, in the line of those standing, and is on the left, a laughing girl in the middle with a tiny white knot in her hair.—JANIE P. DOGGAN.

Worth Consideration.



OW SHALL WE INTEREST THE UNINTERESTED IN THE FREEDMEN? This is the question that comes over and over, and we long to answer in some practical manner. So once more we say tritely, "People cannot be interested unless they know."

"Well; how can we make them know?" "Inform them." "But when they won't come to be informed?" "Then get up something fresh and lively that they will come for." Let me tell you what I saw out in Denver, Colorado. We were invited one evening to a Missionary Social, and as we wended our way with a friend along the streets, through which the wind from the four quarters of the globe seemed blowing, we thought if the social is as fresh and breezy as these health-giving sephyras, surely we may hope for some strength and life to go from it to those who are pining for the "Bread of Life." Cheerful voices and faces, with kindly greetings, in the brightly lighted chapel, filled the moments until the meeting was called to order by the venerable pastor. After a brief prayer asking God's blessing upon the enjoyments of the evening, and the singing of "America", the speaker was introduced, who told us with incidents and story of the needs of the work. Then after a few kindly and encouraging words from the minister, the offering was made, and two young ladies went to the piano and gave us very sweetly "Old Black Joe." Then we had some light refreshments and a social half hour. Everybody seemed bright and happy, pleased and interested, and determined to do more for the Freedmen in the future, as they had learned something of them they had not known before.

Now this meeting gave us an idea. Why should we not oftener have these social missionary evenings? And what topic more interesting for story and song than the black brother, with his years of bondage and wrong behind him; and now with the light of hope and progress beaming brightly before him, for the future. Do let us plan for some entertainments, instructive and helpful. Our churches are full of bright, young people (and in these days of clubs and classes adults are not to be despised or ignored) who would read delightfully some of Ruth McEhery Stuart's or Thomas Nelson Page's comical and pathetic sketches; while recitations from Uncle Remus, or the rising young colored poet, Paul Dunbar, with such songs as "Steal away to Jesus," "Swing low, sweet Chariot," or any of the many other plantation melodies, always popular, would hold an audience of both young and old. An offering made, with light refreshments served, if thought best, would give a pleasant and profitable evening. There might be added a few earnest words before the collection is taken, and attention called to the fact that the readings had shown that these brothers and sisters had just the same natures as our own—for when we once learn that they are not so much to be discussed and dissected, and held at arms' length, as to be treated as the same sort of "folks," and not

as those who are of another race of beings, half the "problem" will be solved. Friends, will you not at least, try some effort of this sort?—F. L. S.

The Negro in Business

BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.



I was asked to name the man of the Negro race who may be regarded at the present time as its most conspicuous man, I would perhaps mention Junius G. Groves, of Edwardsville, Kansas, who is often referred to as the "Negro Potato King." Other men of my race have made more money than Mr. Groves. Not all of them have so well deserved as he the fortune he has gained, for Mr. Groves is a farmer and has not made his fortune at second hand, so to speak, but has wrested it directly from the soil. Mr. Groves is a full-blooded Negro, and was born a slave in Green County, Kentucky, in 1859. Shortly after he and his parents obtained their freedom he began attending the public school in the neighborhood of his home. As he could be in his school only two or three months in a year, however he did not get much book learning. What he got was, however, enough to make him desire an education, and induced him to continue his studies after he left school. By the time he reached manhood he was able to read and write and had some knowledge of figures.

An Artistic Race of Immigrants.

ANY persons are apt to look only at the coarse rough side of the Italian immigration that is pouring into the United States. But the artistic side of the Italian character will in time be developed in this country as it has been in Italy. When a statue of Verdi, the Italian composer, was unveiled in Sherman Square, Seventy-second Street and Broadway, in this city, on October 12, the event was marked by a singularly interesting spectacle. Standing in the midst of ten thousand spectators a little girl pulled a string which released a balloon anchored near the monument. The balloon shot up into the air and carried with it the veiling of red, white and green which concealed the statue. As the balloon soared upward twelve doves were released from the folds of the covering and flew high over the heads of the spectators. A shower of roses and other flowers representing the Italian colors also fell from within the balloon as it rose in the air."

Lend a Hand

Lend a hand to the tempted.
Lend a hand to the soul in the shadow.
Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.
Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.
Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.

—Selected.



The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes.

LET us hope that the vacant season has been a time of genuine rest and refreshing to the pastors of our churches. No worker needs change and real recreation more than the faithful minister. New scenes and associations, getting outside of one's work long enough to look at it calmly and critically, meeting with new faces and contact with unfamiliar personalities—these things all count for increased usefulness to the wise leader. Vacation over, now is the time for redoubled energy in the work. May the missionary fire burn bright in the hearts of the pastors! For this let every member of the church pray. For unless the pastor have the missionary spirit the church will not support as it should the missionary cause. This should be said, further, that if any church is so unfortunate as to have a pastor who takes little or no interest in missions at home and abroad, there is laid upon the faithful women in that church an added burden of pushing the work of missionary information and inspiration. We say, "women," because upon them the inspiration has come chiefly from them.

BUT this leads to the further hope that a new era is dawning, in which the men in the churches shall take their fair share of responsibility, and not leave it so much to the pastors to determine the missionary quality of the churches. The Laymen's Missionary Movement will work a reformation if the purposes of its leaders are carried out. How gladly the women will hail this movement, which is in the line of their prayers and efforts. Think of missionary meetings for men, missionary conferences at which business men on week days will put the business of the kingdom to the fore, and plan and project large things. We believe there are not only possibilities but probabilities and almost assured certainties in this new movement. When the men in the churches do wake up, there will be something done worth while. The need is upon us. America is in the forefront as a mission field, and it is this fact that is beginning to press the whole subject of missions upon the laymen.

THE editor has just been sitting in the sessions of an Italian Conference in Brooklyn. This was the annual conference of the Italian missionaries who are engaged in evangelizing their people who have come in such large numbers to the United States in recent years. The addresses

and discussions were in Italian, with a few English intermissions in order to hear the American speakers who could not speak Italian. The editor has been diligently studying the Italian Testament for a year or more, and found himself able to understand enough of what was said to keep the drift of it. The speaking was earnest and would compel the attention of any audience. There was a spirit of humor and good nature, and while some of the discussions were direct and to the point, the spirit manifested was excellent. We have a notably intelligent and well-equipped company of Italian workers. They are human, like the rest of us, and do not find it easy always to control the jealous temper, but they are generally consecrated in their work, and face courageously conditions not of the easiest to meet. These men are doing a vast amount of good, and should have our sympathy and support. Wherever it is possible, let this sympathy be shown practically by occasional attendance upon a service at the mission. Tell the missionary and his wife, if he has one, how much you rejoice in their work. If more of our Christian women would take a direct and personal interest in these missions among the foreign peoples in their towns and cities—as Mrs. D. W. Faunce has done and is doing in Providence, for example—there would be a great forward march this year.—Have you ever seen your own duty in this regard?

THE missionary pastor has to make many shifts to maintain himself and family. An Idaho pastor writes that he has been extending his vacation at his own expense and contributing in money besides in order to help the church meet its obligations; and furthermore, he secured supplies during a part of the vacation. This was his method of enabling the church to keep things moving and not be left pastorless. What a volume the sacrifices of the home missionaries would make, could the facts be gathered. Or, rather, what a library!

THE city and the problems of its religious life form a subject of great importance, and this makes the new text book of the Young People's Missionary Movement one that will appeal to Christians generally. The book is written with the interest that belongs to all of Dr. Josiah Strong's work, "The Challenge of the City," forms a worthy supplement to the study of immigration. We hope this will not be abandoned, either, for the pressure of the foreign population is constantly increasing. "The Incoming Millions"

might well be introduced into the home mission circles and societies for both study and reading this winter. Interest in this phase of missions will surely stimulate interest in all other phases.

THE experiences of a "Missions Stimulator" may prove suggestive. This at least is the purpose of their publicity. There are a great many peculiar people in the world, and some of them, of course, stray into our churches. But the majority even of the peculiar people are ready to listen to a person who is really in earnest, and ready also to take hold of a cause that is presented in a practical manner. The willingness to do something is cheering. The trouble is that in so much of our effort we do not give enough people something which they can do. Do we want people to give to missions? Well, experience teaches that workers are givers. Ergo, let us get more of our church members to be workers.

THE sketch from Mr. Vodra of the Porto Rican meeting up in the mountain region is full of interest. Mrs. Troyer will soon be busy again in her school work. The signs all favor steady advance in Porto Rico.

REV. A. B. HOWELL, our missionary for some years at Guantanamo, Cuba, is obliged by reason of ill health to leave that field temporarily and return to Ohio for recuperation. His work has been greatly blessed, and he feels keenly this forced leave of absence. The Home Mission Society needs at once two or three good men for reinforcements for its work in Cuba and Porto Rico. Here is a chance for missionary volunteers.

A Vigorous Campaign

REV. GIDEON AUBIN, our French missionary in Providence, sends to his people and friends this circular letter, which is inspiring to effort: "I hope that we are all ready for a vigorous fall campaign. I feel strong and full of courage after my three weeks' vacation in Maine, where I had the pleasure of calling on 300 Catholic families in Bangor, Orono, and Old Town, and giving them Gospel Letters. I was kindly received everywhere, and the Letters were read with a profound interest. After having heard what these people had to say, I am a stronger believer than ever in our work. I wish that you had all been with me, for I know that this would have inspired you to continue your support of this work and make it even larger than in the past during this fall and next winter.

I am glad to announce a new series of Gospel Letters, especially prepared for the enlightenment and conversion of Catholics and all those who need salvation, in all parts of this country and in foreign lands. One Letter will be published every month, except July and August. Last year 10,000 copies were published every month, but this year we need 20,000 copies, in order to reach about 100,000 persons every month. This matter is urgent, let us do all in our power to meet the religious needs of these people that God has sent to us.

Some Experiences of a "Missions Stimulator"

CHRONICLED BY HOWARD E. GROSE

I

ONE OUTCOME OF A CONFERENCE



MRS. JOHNSON had undertaken the task of Missions Stimulator with a good deal of hesitation, but from a deep sense of duty. She had been at a missionary conference and her soul was stirred to a new realization of two things—the tremendous missionary need at home and abroad, and the indifference to this need in her own church. There was a Mission Circle, of which she was a member, but its meetings had an average attendance of seven, while there were at least a hundred women who could attend if they were interested enough to do so. How much the church offerings were to the work of home and foreign missions she had no idea. If reports of such things were made, she had no remembrance of them.

She made no pledges at the conference, except to herself and the Master. A speaker had suggested the title "Missions Stimulator" as a good name for any church member who, without appointment, would seek to arouse interest in the cause of missions. The idea and name impressed her, and she resolved to see what she could do at home. That it would be hard and not very pleasant work she felt sure. But there was something in the atmosphere of the conference that made her understand as she had not done before that perhaps there was a satisfaction and development in service which demanded sacrifice; and at any rate, the Christian was not to seek out the soft and pleasant spots, but to do duty. Some of Mrs. Johnson's experiences, as she pursued her new calling, may prove helpful to others. Here is one of them.

II

CONSTANCY AND REGULARITY

It was on a Tuesday afternoon that Mrs. Johnson made her first distinctive missionary call—though she did not tell Mrs. Bowen that fact. Mrs. Bowen was one of the most influential women in the church. That is, in social lines. She took charge of the sociables and teas, and was a good general withal a trifle dictatorial. Her interest began and ended, practically, with the social side. She was seldom strong enough to attend the weekly prayer meeting, which came, oddly, on her headache day—for she enjoyed a surprisingly regular "headache" illness. How it was that this overtook her always on meeting nights and not on sociable nights, it had not, possibly, occurred to her to inquire, although that fact had impressed others and made many of the younger folk smile. She was not a member of the Mission Circle, for the reason that she had not time to attend to everything in the church, and thought if she saw to the estates there were others who could look after the heathen. Here was a fair chance for Mrs. Johnson to apply missionary stimulus. It was a brave thing to do, for a first venture; but difficulties were what she expected.

After the formalities and customary greetings, Mrs. Johnson plunged into the subject directly:

Mrs. JOHNSON—I spent a part of my outing this summer at———, where they held a missionary conference. It was the best meeting I ever attended, and I so wish you might have been there for the ten days. I am sure—

Mrs. BOWEN—Did they set a good table. I've heard that they give pretty poor cooking at some of those places, and ruin people's stomachs while trying to improve their souls.

Mrs. J.—I did not notice much about the table, Mrs. Bowen, there was so much to think about and hear. And I got to thinking about our church and how small our Mission Circle is, and resolved to see if I couldn't get some new members. And as I wanted to begin with those who have widest influence I came first to you. Won't you join this fall?

Mrs. B. (yielding somewhat to the subtle flattery of this recognition).—I should have to think it over. You know, I'm not very strong, and if the meetings come, as they usually do, on my headache days, I couldn't promise to be regular.

Mrs. J.—But your name would be a great help. And I am sure if you come and see how interesting we are going to make the meetings, you will keep on coming.

Mrs. B.—Are you going to have a wind-up with cake and chocolate? I have often wondered why you didn't do something like that, to draw the people. I could help you about that, perhaps.

Mrs. J.—We have thought we ought to put what would cost you into the missionary work, to say nothing of the labor. I was thinking of the missionary speakers we hope to hear, and of the——

Mrs. B.—Dreadful bores, most of them, I think. That is, they used to be years ago; for I must admit I haven't heard any of them for some time, since my headaches grew worse and more frequent. That reminds me—I have a new pill that relieves me quicker than anything I ever tried. If you need any—

Mrs. J.—I am so thankful that I have no headaches, Mrs. Bowen. But think of how much this work needs our help.

Mrs. B.—Needs, needs, needs. Do you know I'm sick of missions because nobody talks about anything but the missionary needs. I don't see why there is such a constancy in the needs.

Mrs. J.—Perhaps there would not be so much constancy in the needs if there were more regularity in the giving to supply them.

Mrs. B.—Well, I'm sure I give something every time the collection is taken, if I'm there; and there's most always a collection for something. I can't keep any spare pennies unless I stay away from church.

Mrs. J.—That is another thing I wanted to ask you to join me in doing this year, Mrs. Bowen. I have heard and read a good deal about systematic giving to the church and missions, but never thought seriously about it until this conference. I resolved to lay by every week what I could afford out of my allowance, as well as save here and there on the table or on my clothes, and keep the money in a missionary box. Then I would divide it, each quarter, between the missionary societies on my list, and give it regularly. But I thought how

much better I would live up to the plan if I could get a half dozen of our ladies to try it with me—just for six months as an experiment—and I thought of you first of all. Won't you try it with me?

Mrs. B.—How you do go at a person, to be sure, Mrs. Johnson. I don't have very much to spare, you know, and—

Mrs. J.—But this plan only calls for what we have and feel we ought to give. Only it makes it regular instead of the old way. And there is where our regularity in giving would meet the constancy in needs. Why, one of the missionaries at the conference said that if all the Christian church members in America were to give only ten cents a week for missions, the missionary societies would have money enough for their work and the world could be evangelized. That doesn't seem much, does it? But of course, since all will not do even that, those of us who can do more have to do all we can, and still there are debts and demands unmet.

Mrs. B.—Well, I might save ten cents a week, I suppose, if I really tried; but—

Mrs. J.—I leave the amount to you, Mrs. Bowen; but if you will only join my private circle for six months, I believe our example will make us a systematic church; and your name as a member of the Mission Circle will help me to get a great many more. This is the first time in my life I ever tried to do anything of this kind, and you have been so good about it—

Mrs. B.—Well, do you know, Mrs. Johnson, I'm very thankful to you for coming in this way. Not any committee or anything, but just yourself because you want to help. I haven't been just happy about my church life, and maybe it will do me a lot of good to know something about missions. I'm sure I don't know anything about them now, for to tell you the truth, I have had a headache about every time there was a missionary collection announced; and—

Mrs. J.—Wouldn't it be a great thing if a new interest should be a better headache cure than the pills, Mrs. Bowen? I really believe it might be so, for I didn't feel very strong before I went to the conference, but I haven't had time to think about it since, and I have a splendid appetite now.

Mrs. B.—Well, I'll try your experiment, Mrs. Johnson. And now, you must just try a piece of my sponge cake—on a new recipe.

It certainly was an auspicious start as Missions Stimulator. Not all were as approachable, as will appear. The results of the experiment will also appear in due time.

One thing is sure. The constancy of the missionary needs can only be met by the regularity of Christian giving.

Why will you not join Mrs. Johnson and her half dozen to the experiment of systematic giving? Get a missionary box at once. The weekly missionary envelope is the best way of all, for then the money gets quickly where it is needed. But use some system. How little trouble we should any of us have—as to giving or anything else—if we were systematic.

The conference was unique for the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit. At the most there are but four or five members of this church who can read or write, yet they seemed to take in much that was said during the conference, and their prayers were freighted with earnest desire and longing for more of the truth. They stood for two hours at a time listening intently to the topics discussed. The last service was especially touching, and brought tears to the eyes of many. We came away feeling that the four days of riding and plodding in the mud; sitting in damp clothing, preaching, discussing, planning, singing, and praying, had not been spent in vain.

The church of Guaman Arriba is unique because of its evangelistic spirit. It now has three regular out-stations to which the pastor goes to preach. To these services many of the brethren go with the pastor to help in singing and praying.

And not only is this church evangelistic, but it is philanthropic, for it now proposes to maintain a day-school, and also a night-school. They are doing this because the government has found it difficult to maintain a school so high up in the hills. On account of the scarcity and quality of the food teachers cannot live up there, and the roads are so bad during the rainy season that they do not dare to go up. So the church is going to support one of the young brethren while he teaches the three Ra. They have only asked the mission to advance money for books until the fathers can repay. The church sadly needs a bell to call the people together, for they possess no clocks, and at present depend upon a conch shell blown by the pastor. Would not some of you like to send us a bell to ring out the call to the hill folk?

And, last of all, this church realizes its obligation to its brethren in the United States, for it sent out of its deep poverty \$2.50 to help raise the debt. If we all possessed the spirit of the Guzman Arriba church, the pages of our denominational history would not be blotted today by the word "retrench."—Rio Piedras, P. R.



Colegios Internacionales de El Cristo

BY REV. H. R. MOSELEY, D. D.



RISTO is a mountain village eleven miles from Santiago, and considered one of the most healthful and delightful places for residence in Cuba; being almost 1000 ft. above sea level, with excellent water and railroad facilities; for these reasons it was chosen as the seat of these Colleges, which are to give new strength and durability to our work in Cuba. We have erected at Cristo two cement block buildings, 90 ft. x 45, two stories high, with kitchen and dining room attached; we have in the two campuses about seven acres of land, with abundant fruit trees and foliage plants, with orange trees, coffee and other tropical fruits and flowers in abundance; in addition to these buildings we have dining room and kitchen for accommodation of both boys and girls. It is our purpose to select in all our 32 churches in Cuba bright boys and girls who give promise of becoming leaders in the work of evangelizing and uplifting Cuba; some of these boys and girls will need help to put them through school; others will be able to pay all their own expenses; besides, we expect to appeal to people who are not members of our churches and who are able to pay for patronage and support. There is a great demand in Cuba for such Colleges. The Colleges will be distinctly Christian, and it is our hope that we can create such a Christian atmosphere in the school that few boys and girls can go through without becoming Christian. In these schools we expect to train leaders for our churches, Sunday schools and pulpits, as well as to teach young girls how to make Christian homes. We have dormitory room for about 45 girls and 40 boys, and we expect also a large number of day pupils. These school buildings are to have all modern improvements, and to be thoroughly equipped for their work. If we are to evangelize Cuba, we must train our young people for leadership, for we can never hope to send a sufficient number of American missionaries to evangelize the Island. Rev. A. L. Story, who has been pastor at Bayamo, has been appointed principal and has already taken charge of the work.



A STREET SCENE IN CUBA

Our Little Folks

All material in the nature of communications, reports, etc., intended for this department, should be sent directly to the one in charge, Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt, 36 Spring Street, Auburn, Maine.



Leslie, Haynes Wyman, Foxboro, Mass.

A New-Comer

WE welcome to our ranks of Precious' Jewels the dear little three-year old son of Pastor and Mrs. Wyman of Foxboro, Mass. It did not need the assurance that Leslie's mamma had made him a Life Member by the payment of one dollar to cause us to know that he would be trained as an intelligent, consecrated and enthusiastic mission worker, so far as lies in the power of his parents to develop the spiritual life of their beloved child. We love to claim, with the Foxboro friends, the right to speak of their leader as *pastor*, since his coming to Augusta years ago with her who was to be to us such an inspiration to active service, and with Eva and Alice (the former being the three-year-old of those days,) and their happy abiding with us for many years are very precious memories.

Our little Leslie is a healthy, happy, fun-loving boy, brown with the Maine sunshine of a long summer at Popham Beach. He will doubtless, in the autumn, resume his attendance upon the monthly missionary meetings, "in which, during the past," as his mamma says, "he has furnished too large a share of the program, for the reason that it was almost impossible to ignore the presence and cunning ways of the irrepressible child, even though the exercises were most interesting and profitable."

All who catch the merry twinkle of the eyes in the above picture will wish for Leslie many a happy return of August 24, which marks his birthday and a long life of usefulness.

What A Boy Can Do

A boy can make the world more pure
By kindly word and deed;
As blossoms call for nature's light,
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure
By lips kept ever clean;
Silence can influence shed as sure
As speech, oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more true
By an exalted aim.
Let one a given end pursue,
Others will seek the same.

Full simple things, indeed, these three,
Thus stated in my rhyme;
Yet what, dear lad, could greater be—
What grander, more sublime?

—The Crusader.

The Arapaho Baptist Mission

THE letter in last month's *Kind Words* from Mr. and Mrs. F. L. King of the above mission to the Baptist Juniors and Sunday School children of the South will deeply interest our New England workers, since they are missionaries for whose support we are constantly contributing.

Dear Christian Friends:—

You will remember that just one year ago the first Baptist Church among the Arapaho Indians was organized with twenty-two Indian members. Since that time sixteen more have been received, and still others want to come. These are only figures that we give you. I wish you could see and know these lives as we know them. It was just when we were well-nigh discouraged that the Lord stepped in with his great power and so moved on the hearts of these people that they began turning to God with one accord. Seven years of seed-sowing and one of harvest. And yet the year just finished has not been any great ingathering, but just a quiet turning to God and his Son, Jesus Christ.

This is the way these Indians are going to become Christians. Each one fights out his own battle. It means more for one of these to follow Christ than it did for me or you. Here is the old worship and the old worshippers that he must leave. The Indian dance, so long held sacred and so long enjoyed by them, must be given up. The religion of the forefathers must be regarded as powerless. Do you know that these Indians had no idea of being lost until the gospel came to them and showed them the way to be saved? It is only since they learned of a Saviour that they have felt the least need of quitting their old ways. They considered them all-sufficient. Can you wonder at their being a long time in changing their ways? How long would it take a man of another religion to establish it among earnest Christians? I dare say he could not do it at all. But here is only another proof of the power and truth there is in our religion; another test that should and does give us stronger faith in the Christ.

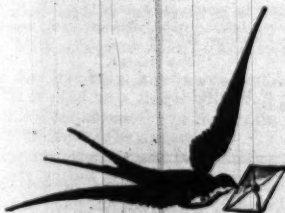
Christianity makes the Indians clean up. Much is said about the Indians being dirty and careless in their habits

There is reason for this idea, but we would like to take you through the camps and show you the difference Christianity has wrought in one year. When the Indians first began coming to church we could scarcely keep the men from smoking in the chapel. Now there is never an intimation of this sort in the services.

I could speak of many other ways in which there is a change, but will not. I want to say a few words in general about the Blanket Indian's work. While at the Association at Saddle Mountain we saw fifty Indians follow Christ in baptism. These were of four different tribes—Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. A train of thirty wagons of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes attended this meeting, and as we were on our way home, forty miles from Saddle Mountain, we stopped at the Dutch Reform Mission and attended a service there, where only the day before twenty-four had confessed Christ and were happy trusting in the Lord. Then coming on home we saw some Arapahoes from Cantonment, where the Mennonite Mission is located, and they told us that at that point eleven more had given their hearts to Christ. I speak of these other missions to show that all through the tribes there seems to be a spirit of turning from the old way and following Christ.

Sincerely yours in Christ's service,

F. L. KING and MRS. M. P. KING.



Our Letter Box

WE are always very much pleased when our little folks send letters and reports to our department. We are grateful when Mission Band Leaders take the pains to keep us informed of the work of those under their care, but we are surprised and especially thankful when a busy State Vice-President sets aside a part of her valuable time and adds to her manifold duties by giving a carefully prepared account of a successful meeting.

We hope that there may be suggestions for many another Band in the following report.

VOLUNTOWN, CONN., July 24, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Hunt:—I want to tell you about our Band meeting, which was held last evening. We are in a small village, and while we began 13 years ago with a Farther Lights of quite young people, we have drawn neither sex nor age lines, though last night we had but three of the sterner sex. Miss Jennie Humes, a comparatively new member, had said, "Come to my house," so we did. Our meeting opened with singing the "Glory Song," reading the 24th Psalm by

the leader and prayer by our dear pastor. Then by request we sang "Lift Your Neighbor's Burden." The program was entitled "Beautiful thoughts in poetry and prose," which included:

1. "The Sweetest Hour," taken from Zion's Advocate, and read by Emma Stone.
2. "The Book of the Year," read by Karah.
3. "Good Folks," read by Marian, our visiting sisters. These two taken from the *Chicago Standard*.
4. "The Infant's Dream," read by Mrs. Carrie Stuart, whose twin boys lay dreaming at home.
5. "A Strange Little Boy," who being Italian, was strange in costume and language. This read by Hilda Groves, who will celebrate her twelfth birthday soon.
6. Singing, "Go Tell."
7. "A Cuban Story," from H. M. Monthly, Mrs. Tyler.
8. "A Seminole Indian's Belief," as to the races, Jennie Campbell.
9. "An Indian's Accomplishments," taken from an Indian's address before the Mohonk Conference. These last two selections were taken from the *Indian Helper*.
10. "The Work Which Thou Gavest Me," taken from the tapestry weavers but found in the *Standard*, read by Miss J. Humes.

After singing, the young folks with great glee reminded the leader that she had forgotten to call for memory verses on "Remember." Nineteen were present and a number gave the verses. We should have had a larger number only that a company of our young people had gone that day for a week's outing at Beach Pond. Little Florette Grenier, being the youngest present, took the collection in a china plate, and with bright eyes brought it to the leader.

By and by we puzzled our wits over some clever beheadings and buildings in the midst of which our hostess appeared with nineteen very refreshing glasses of lemonade.

The walk home in the bright moonlight was a fitting close to a delightful evening. When the cooler evenings come, we sometimes sew and gather our money in old fashioned ways besides our birthday pennies and our regular collections—which we think are essential at every missionary meeting.

With pleasant greetings to all our little workers.

Yours in the Master's work,

HELEN R. DEWHURST.

Contentment

WHY are you content?" an officer asked an Omaha chief. "Pain and old age are not good things."

The aged chief was silent awhile and then said:

"The bird that builds its nest on the tree near my wigwam in summer leaves it when winter is coming and travels thousands of miles to the southward; but in the spring it will come back across mountains and rivers to that same nest. How do such creatures know the way? They have no map, no guide. The Great Spirit puts something in their hearts to draw them back to their homes. And he has not forgotten to put something in each man's heart that draws him, draws him all his life long, up to his home. I am coming near to mine. Shall I not be glad?—*The Youth's Companion*.